The Evening World.
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ONE MORE JOB AT ALBANY.

THE longer a special session of the Legislature is delayed the more evident becomes the need.

Business continues to pile up. The session promises to be important and may demand considerable time.

It is significant that most of the imperative business is not new. It is work which the regular session neglected or did in slipshod fashion.

A case in point is the pending proposal of the New York Telephone Company for increased rates.

Under the law as it stands the company may impose and collect higher tolls subject to eventual revision by the Public Service Commission. But the commission cannot suspend the rates until it can discover whether they are reasonable. Telephone patrons have no safeguard against illegitimate charges during the period in which the commission is investigating.

Last winter a bill to correct this abuse failed of passage. In a special session a measure of such obvious justice would have such public support that legislators would not dare to sidetrack it.

RESURRECTING THE "OBS."

AMERICAN political discussion has always proved a veritable gold mine for lexicographers.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that we need a new dictionary after each campaign.

Scores of words in common use are of political ancestry. Candidates and partisans are prone to coin new words and phrases, to develop new meanings for words in common use. In the heat of the campaign these are fused into the language and become part of the national tongue.

The present campaign is no exception.

"Normalcy," which Candidate Harding used in his acceptance speech, is the best example so far. The dictionary labels the word as "obs," but it is rapidly losing that label. Editors and speakers are using it without quotation marks. Senator Harding has revived it, even though there may not yet be complete agreement as to the precise definition of the term.

In the next editions of the dictionary the "obs" label will be obsolete. Normalcy will be in good standing as a resurrected word. Perhaps as good a guess as any is that the definition is likely to relate "normalcy" to the act of retrospection, of looking backward to the good old days.

Perhaps it is typical of the difference between the men, that where Roosevelt was distinguished for his readiness to coin new words, Harding is turning to the obsolete list for means of expression.

But it is well to warn the Republican candidate that he is getting out of his period. Most of the words marked "obs" in the dictionary went out of current use long before the era of Mark Hanna and William McKinley.

Lexicographers are nothing if not conservative, and rarely write the obituary of a word unless it has been dead for more than twenty-four years.

Writing to the editor of the Tribune, Mr. R. W. Anderson of Pittsburgh comments on The Evening World slogan contest and suggests, "I voted for Wilson: I'm cured."

The slogan editor regrets that he is unable to consider the award of a prize to a reader who submits his effort in so roundabout a fashion.

THE WEARIEST CROWDS.

SUBWAY crowds vary from hour to hour and from day to day.

Once each week in summer the underground trains carry one certain sort of crowd that is seen at no other time of the week or season of the year.

Sunday evening from about 11 until midnight we see the weariest crowds. Not even the shopping crowds of the holiday rush hours are more thoroughly exhausted.

Young folks, old folks and families with children sink into the seats with a sigh, or stand first on one foot and then on the other.

Sunburned, dusty, footsore, wrinkled, hot—and oh, so tired—they are returning from beaches and excursions, summer picnics and steamer rides, the country and the resorts.

"I'm just about *dead*" and "I'll *never* do *that* again" is the tenor of the song the crowd would whisper if it had the necessary ambition—which it hasn't.

Tired and sleepy they are—too tired and sleepy to be ready for work the next day—but work they must.

However, it is a healthful weariness. After a good night of sleep Monday the unpleasant features of the outing tend to disappear from memory. The joys of the early hours of the day are lived over and the long trip home midst the crowds and the heat is forgotten.

By Thursday or Friday plans are made for the next week-end. By Saturday afternoon or Sunday these plans go into effect, and by 11 o'clock Sunday evening the subway is filled with a crowd that is so very, very tired and so overwhelmingly sleepy that it just simply cannot stay awake until it reaches home stations.

After all, people do survive these strenuous one-day vacations for which they are physically unprepared. Probably they are all the better for having enjoyed—and suffered from—them.

A TANGLED WEB.

THIS country had no alternative but to experiment with increased rates for the railroads.

Whether the new rates will prove an unmixed blessing even to the railroads is open to question.

Not even the shrewdest and wisest students of transportation affairs can hazard more than a good guess as to the final effect of the higher schedules.

Railroad rates and their inter-relations form one of the deepest puzzles of modern civilization. The average reader has small conception of the fractional freight margins on which many great industrial operations rest.

As a comparatively simple example, take the New England boot and shoe industry.

It has been able to compete with the manufacturers of the Mississippi Valley in supplying shoes to that region. Superior organization, experience, a great overturn of goods, &c., have enabled the Eastern manufacturers to pay freight on Western hides and return the finished products by freight.

Whether they can continue to do so in face of a higher rate remains to be seen.

The railroads themselves are in the dark as to possible effects. They have observed the effect of higher fares on street railways frequently resulting in lowered receipts. The Boston elevated lines are a conspicuous example.

Certain materials such as ore and sand could be hauled only at a low rate. At a high rate the railroads could not get the business because the commodities would not be worth hauling.

The railroads could afford to haul these low-rate commodities at a bare fraction more than the actual cost of operation. This tiny fraction helped to keep equipment busy and to reduce by a small margin the inevitable heavy overhead which had to be divided among commodities which could bear a heavier freight rate.

This was the reason for the "classification" of freight. It was economically sound.

Higher freight rates will disturb the balance between the railroads and other modes of transportation, such as the coastwise shipping, the canal and lake traffic and—the present great rival in short-haul traffic—the motor truck.

It is conceivable that railroads may lose an appreciable share of the tonnage they have handled, and loss of tonnage means loss of earning power.

Each alteration of freight rates means a rearrangement of jobbing centres in the Nation. The jobbers' business is governed by very slight differentials in freight, time and overhead. A few cents change in freight charges may wipe out all the advantage of superior organization and business sense.

The whole question is one of unbelievable complexity. Those best versed in the subject best appreciate how little they know of the matter.

The Interstate Commerce Commission orders are subject to modification as the need appears.

The Commissioners and the railroad managers can but wait and see, and remedy defects as they appear with a maximum of justice to all concerned.

TEST BY DISCRETION.

JUDGE McINTYRE yesterday charged two Grand Juries with the duty of finding some remedy for the prevailing carnival of reckless motor driving and automobile homicide.

Judge McIntyre recommends jail sentences instead of fines which "will not deter speed maniacs."

This recommendation is valid, but does not cover the ground, according to Chief Magistrate McAdoo, whose experience leads him to believe that neither jail sentences nor fines will serve as a preventive. The only feasible plan is revocation of the driving licenses of those who show disregard for public safety.

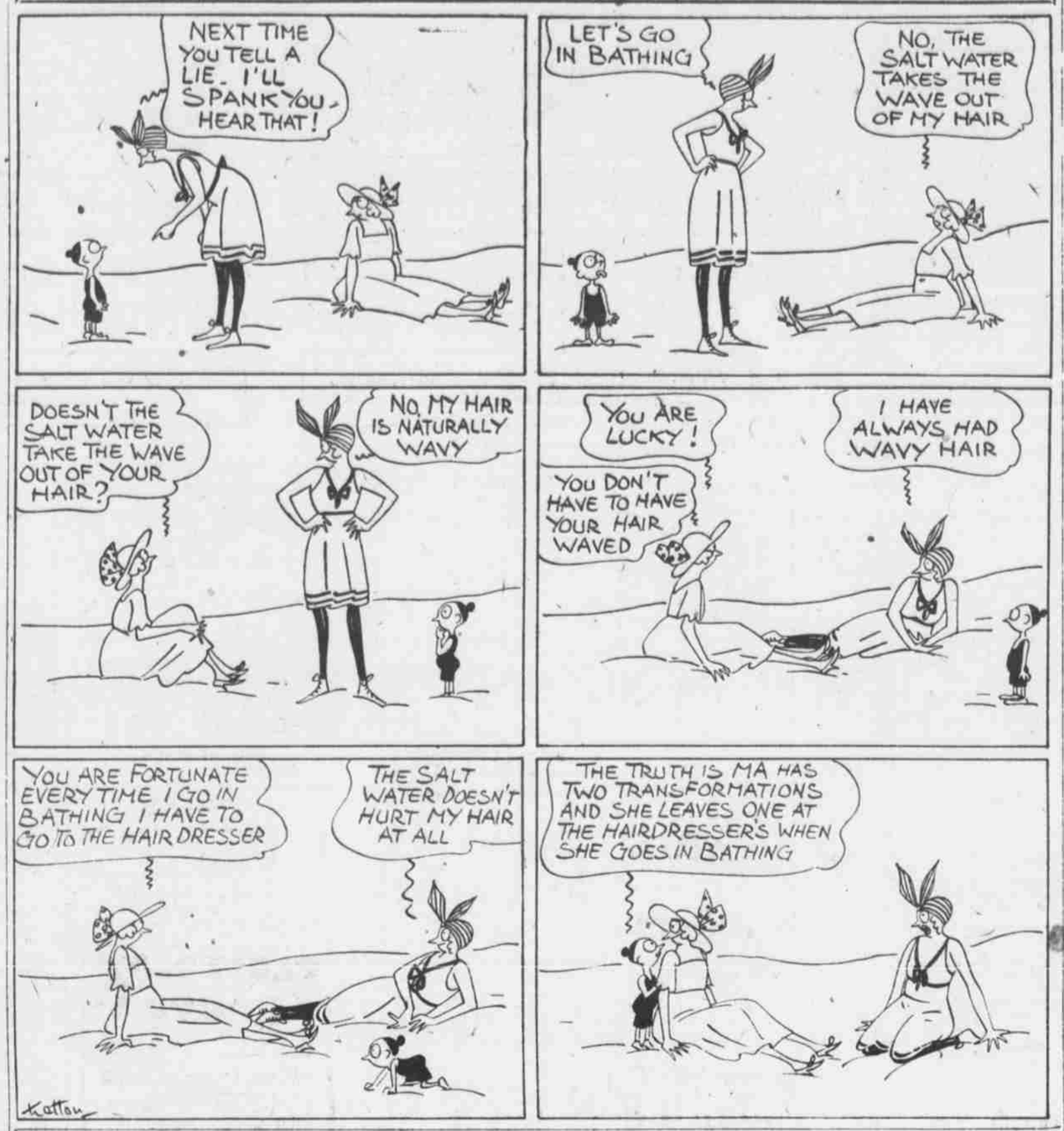
Drivers "under the age of discretion" are a menace, Judge McIntyre believes. Perhaps this indicates essential agreement with Justice McAdoo. In all probability it would not be difficult to prove that few of the speeders have arrived at the "age of discretion," even though they may be gray-haired.

Absolute age is relatively unimportant. Discretion is vital. On this basis the Legislature has every reason to provide a statute empowering Magistrates to suspend or revoke the driving license of any person who proves indiscreet.

No lobby of the automobile industry should have power to prevent enactment of such a law at the next session of the Legislature.

The Plain Truth!

By Maurice Ketten



FROM EVENING WORLD READERS

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

Chelsea Village.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As you have published the surroundings of the Chelsea Village, I wish to place before you something that might interest you in regard to old Greenwich Village. Boys, four years ago, on my trip to Panama Canal, I stopped at the Colon Sporting Club to see the bouts. To my surprise I saw an old Ninth Warder, Owen Hernon, in the ring, with Panama Joe Gans and Kid Norfolk as seconds, fighting George Massail twenty rounds. Hernon, who was fifty years old, surprised every one by his cleverness and gameness, and fought until he had five ribs broken and was stopped by the police. This is only one of the game men from the old Ninth Ward.

E. J. PERKINS.

New York, July 27, 1920.

"Uncommon Sense."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your article in to-day's World by John Blake on "Why Refuse Promotion?" sounds good in some cases, but not in all.

How would that notice look hung up on the wall of a firm in whose employment I am at the present time?

This concern had a bookkeeper, one of the best in his line, by name of Mr. B——, who, after thirty-six years of honest and energetic work, was laid off so that a cheaper and younger man could fill his place. I suppose this is not the only firm where such stunts are pulled off.

WORLD READER.

New York, July 26, 1920.

Prohibit Marriage?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In his letter criticising a recent Evening World editorial, Mr. Wood of the Anti-Saloon League points out that the prohibition of marriage to cure divorce is not a parallel case with the prohibition of drink to cure drunkenness; but it would be a parallel case with the prohibition of marriage to cure polygamy.

Let us then take Mr. Wood at his word, and admit cheerfully the accuracy of his logic; and ask him, since the latter cases are parallel, why not make the remedies parallel also? Why not abolish marriage by means of a Federal statute, and thus automatically do away with all this naughty polygamy that is undermining the Nation? The Anti-Polygamy League would make a fine name for the wives of a modern Solomon.

EDWARD OSTROM, JR.

Pompton Lakes, N. J., July 24, 1920.

"Harding Accepts."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read your editorial in Friday's, July 23, issue, "Harding Accepts," and I must confess, as an intelligent Democrat, that it is a disgrace to our party and does us more injury than good. You know as well as I do, or any Democrat of intelligence, that to impartially consider it, Mr. Harding wishes for a return to the Constitution and "to the best traditions of the Fathers of the Republic," from which for the past ten or twelve years we have been drifting, as Mr. Cox himself knows better than either you or I. And, honest as he is, he will agree with me that you deliberately feel an untruth when you say "he (Mr. Harding) merely continues the wicked, malicious, shameful campaign of deception which his masters of the Senatorial oligarchy have waged for more than a year," and a malicious misrepresentation when you assert "honesty and truth are not in him."

To change the fourth paragraph in that article and make it agree with my contention, it should read: "If this editorial (of platitude upon platitude) can awaken any enthusiasm among your readers it must be accepted as a tribute to your skill as a falsifier of self-evident truths and "that honesty and truth are not in you" and that you should not criticise under "the mask of hypocrisy," but in a manly, open, fair, square and just manner.

HENRY PERCY.

Crescent Beach, Conn., July 24, 1920.

Does Any Reader Know the Answer?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly advise a constant reader of your paper the definition of the phrase "subject to tariff regulations."

The reason I ask is that I am a traveller on the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R. from this city to New Haven, and nine times out of ten there are insufficient accommodations regarding seats. I have asked the conductors of the trains why they do not put on more cars and they state that is all the cars are permitted to carry. If such is the fact, should there not be some means by which more trains should be run or passengers told when they are purchasing tickets the possibility of having to stand from New York to New Haven, a trip of about two hours, which is absolutely exhaustive during this hot weather?

C. H. PALMER

Brooklyn, July 26, 1920.

He Finds the Times Good.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please let "Iceland" look this over. He says he paid $50 for a suit and $9 for shoes. Oh, yes, he did.

The trouble with some of these letter writers is they can't help but show off. I earn $50 per week, pay a good rent, buy $30 suits, $6 shoes, keep a wife and boy well dressed and well fed and well satisfied with life. And the best part of it is, I am saving money; not much, but saving, just the same.

SELRAY.

Brooklyn, July 29, 1920.

The Buses.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Allow me, who has never registered a kick through any newspaper, protest against the highway robbery system of Mr. Hylan's bus system. It was my misfortune to get wedged into one of his buses on Thursday night, at the time of the Williamsburg Bridge fire. On this bus was a large sign "5 cents," but when I got to Brooklyn with some more unfortunates like myself, we were compelled to pay from 15 to 25 cents.

If this is the proposed bus system, please give us cars with a uniform fare instead of getting stuck up and robbed by bus drivers. Let us hear from a few more suckers like myself; perhaps then we may accidentally get proper relief by our wonderful city officials. Thanking you for this,

JAMES HARRIS.

Brooklyn, July 30, 1920.

The B. R. T.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This morning I had the misfortune to travel on the Broadway "L" of the B. R. T. road. There being a fire on the Williamsburg Bridge I and hundreds of others were told to get off at Marcy Avenue Station, where the July 29, 1920.

ticket agent handed us transfers and we proceeded on our trip via trolley to Delancey Street. Here we got off with the expectation of getting another transfer to the trains, but were told by a brass button special that "unless we paid another fare we would have to hoof it."

How does the B. R. T. get that way? Are they so low financially that this is their only means to raise funds? If they expect the passengers to pay another fare for every block, fire, or any other accident which is their fault, it sure would pay them to have an accident like this a few times a month. This idea ought to be worth something to them.

LOUIS MILLER.

111 Sheffield Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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LEARN THE TRADE OF OPPORTUNITY BUILDING.

There is one valuable trade that is not taught in schools. Neither can you find any treatises on it in the library. But it can be learned just the same, and the man who learns it will save himself a lot of wage slavery by and by.

This trade is Opportunity-Building.

We prosper or fail according to our opportunities. To some opportunities come ready made, F. O. B., at our doors. If we are wise enough to go out and take them in, the rest of life is easy.

But opportunities come thus to few. And while those few are waiting for them the wolf is growling at the door and now and then stepping into the pantry to remove some of the food supply.

But opportunities are not all ready made. They can be built—built at home, with no tools save your eyes and ears and your brain. And home-made opportunities—like home-made pie—surpass all other varieties.

E. H. Harriman made his own opportunity as a railroad builder.

Interested in railroads, though knowing nothing of their practical operation, he set himself to the task of learning more. In order to try the experiments his brain suggested he had to get control of a railroad.

That was not easy, but he did it. Once in control he convinced the world that he knew how to use the opportunity he had made.

Napoleon made his own opportunity—though he built an opportunity so vast that he was unable to handle it when it was fully constructed.

Your opportunity may not be so great as these. But you can make one if you go about it. And in most cases the self-made opportunity is the only one a man ever has.

Study this trade. It is a difficult and complicated one—far harder than the most difficult trade or profession that is taught in any of the colleges. But it is well worth learning, even though you have to spend ten or twenty or thirty years of your life at the task.

For without opportunity you will be just one of the ordinary run. And if you wait for opportunity to knock, even once on your door, the grim reaper is likely to find you still waiting when he comes to remove you from a world where opportunity builders have taken most of the prizes.

Odd Queries Puzzle Staff At Public Library

Big Organization Is Called on for Facts, Figures, Dates and Advice.

IT would be hard to prove whether lending books for reading at home or providing them for study and reference within the building is the more important duty of a public library, says a writer in a recent number of the Library Bulletin of the New York Public Library. Few persons, after reflection, would contend that answering questions is more important than either, but no librarian will deny that it is a notable part of his work, and that the demands made upon him by inquirers are incessant and of the most extraordinary variety. A question brought to a library, either by letter or by word of mouth, may be answered in a second, or it may require hours of research by the librarians and weeks or months of study by the questioner.

There is no satisfactory way to count the number of questions asked in any given time, of the New York Public Library. Whether the inquirer applies by letter, goes to the information desk, to any of the reading rooms of the reference department in the Central Building, or to one of the numerous agencies of the circulation department outside that building, his question falls into one of three classes. First, there are simple questions about the library and its books, which are answered at once without reference to any book. Typical of these inquiries would be a question about the resources of the different parts of the library; a request for the title of a good book upon a subject which has a great body of literature—as Napoleon or the American Civil War. Second, there are questions to be answered not instantly, but in a moment or two, by consulting one of the obvious books of reference. Third, there are difficult problems which require research.

Probably the library succeeds in answering at least 90 per cent. of what may be called the important and legitimate questions. Inquiries that lie within the field of rational science, of literature in its widest sense, of history, or of the known record of man's thought may fairly expect an answer. It is the "freak" question in science, the dubious by-path of history, the stray quotation which present difficulties. These and the "fugitive" poem—so-called, perhaps, because it is a fugitive from the justice which it might receive from a competent critic—often go their doubtful and anonymous way, with their mystery, whatever it is, unsolved. Perhaps the sum of the world's knowledge is not seriously lessened.

Here are a few unanswered questions, sent by letter to the New York Public Library in the early months of this year:

"Will you kindly give the name of the publication, as well as the publisher's name, of a book of diagrams and charts showing wiring systems of all cars, including 1920 models?"

"Can you give me any information—author—publisher—date—about a book on the San Domingo revolution? My customer * * * thinks it was published thirty or forty years ago, and that the title may have been 'Evenings in Boston.'"

"I should be greatly obliged if you would let me know in which volume of Jerome K. Jerome his 'A Most Uncommon Patient' appears."

"Kindly advise me if you have the following work: Bibliographie de la Papeterie, by Charles Dumercy, Bruxelles: F. Larcier, 1888. If not, could you direct me to an American library where this bibliography could be found?"

"About twenty-five years ago there appeared in some magazine or newspaper a poem entitled 'Jonathan Jay.' It was about a poor little boy who had to wear his father's big boots to school, and the other boys made fun of him. I want to get a copy of this poem, and write to know if you can tell me where I can get it."

"One of our newspapers has been asked for the author of the line:

'Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.'

Can you, out of the wealth of your department, dig it up?"

"About two months ago I read, either in the New York Evening Post or some other newspaper or periodical, among the book reviews, an article reviewing a book on Parliamentary Form of Government, by a French author, member of the French Chamber of Deputies * * *. I should like to have the accurate title of the book, with name of author and publisher * * *. I remember that it had been translated from the French and that the English version had been published."

"That's a Fact"

By Albert P. Southwick

In 1689, Innocent XI., who has been called the Protestant Pope, died on Aug. 12.

Delancey Street, New York City, recalls the name of Lieut. Gov. James De Lancey, the original builder and owner of the house that afterward became Fraunce's Tavern, at Pearl and Broad Streets. He gave the city its first town clock.

The De Lancey family played an important part in New York's history for a long period. Their farm, covering about 120 blocks of the present New York City, extended from Division Street to Stanton and from the Bowery to the East River.

Minetta Street, New York City, derives its name from a Dutch word meaning "little one"—that is, the small creek, to distinguish it from a larger one that was near.

The section of New York City near Convent and Amsterdam Avenues, between 138th and 145th Streets, was originally owned by Alexander Hamilton. He built a house there in 1803, naming it The Grange in honor of his uncle's estate in Scotland. He planted thirteen trees in a semicircle, to represent the original States.

Perry Street commemorates the name of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the naval victor in the Battle of Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813.